

CORPORATE MELODIES,

NO. 2,

PHIL. FOGARTY'S FREEDOM.

TUNE—"There was a Jolly Miller."

Oh! for a Forty-Freeman power to sing,
Thy praise "PHIL. FOGARTY."

Slightly altered from DON JUAN CANTO X, STANZA XXXIV.

Dere was a jolly Lawyer,
An' Phil. Fogarty was his name,
Our Corporate lads to look after,
To dis city one mornin' he came;
Which frightnin' de boys a'most out of dere wits,
For fear of de long threaten'd Bill,
In de hope dat he'd give 'um a lift dey resolv'd,
His Freedom to offer to Phil.

Now Acheson bein' of de rite sort,
An expectin' dat he'd shew game,
Dey pass'd him by, as a lad of d-r own,
As for Phil.—sure de sound of his name
Wid de holy-water still moist on his nob,
Would make any blue gizzard grow chill,
So in Council 'twas voted a damn'd good job,
A Freeman to make of Phil.

A court den was call'd, de poor Duke took de chair,
(Wid a mastiff's scull stuck on his slate);
Doe de Fleming's an' Bass's an' sich were dere,
All pass'd off widout speech or debate;
And deep "Julius Caesar's" "com-men-ta-ries,"
Bein' so fraught with lore, logic, an' skill,
Dey appointed him spokesman—and dus did de *garn*
He spin in his Blarney, to Phil.

"Good morrow, an' good luck Phil. Fogarty,
"We greets you wid rite good will,
"May your years be many—an' cares be few,"
"I wish yez de same boys," says Phil.
"We hopes wid a kind an' compassionate eye,
"Our sorrowful case you'll view,
"Don't tell, Perrin, what sort of lads we are,
"An' a Freeman we'll make of you.

"Don't tell, how our faders before us sould,
"For a couple of pound a year,
"De whole of de Mall—wid half de Parade,
"An' de three corner sides of Daunt's-square;
"But still takin' good care to keep all 'midst demselves,
"(*Loyal men*, bein' den scarce and few,)
"You can say sich reports are all "gammon" an' fudge,
"An' a Freeman we'll make of you."

"But prophetic ould sows, as if dreamin' den,
"How dere sorrowful sons would have been,
"Dey never once thought of transferrin'
"Dere right to de Lough or de Green;
"So de rope, an' de pool still remain a resource,
"Should misforin' our footsteps pursue,
"Oh! spare us our lives an' our fortun's Phil.,
"An' a Freeman we'll make of you."

"Don't minion one word 'bout de Friendly club,
"Or de Fifty-four Thousand dat's taxed,
"Ev'ry year by one snug little family group—
"Say dat "Book" which you so often ax'd,
"Was produce'd in a minit, when all was quite right,
"Fair an' honest to ev'ry man's view—
"Say Cork Papists for "violence" neer could be match'd
"An' a Freeman we'll make of you."

"Don't tell how de chap, wot collects de rates,
"As a judge his own causes does hear;
"By course not a word of de fine goold watch,
"("Keys you know Phil. we'd die for de "fair,")
"Nor how we employ'd dat base, swine-driving scamp;
"To interpret a tongue dat he knew,
"Far less than de grunt of a pig in his gripe,
"An' a Freeman we'll make of you."

"Don't tell, how de court iv Conscience fines,
"We pocket'd nate and clane,
"How de Coal-quay poor wretches we forc'd to pay,
"Whilst de Sky was deir shed from de rain.
"Don't tell, how de convicts we plunder'd for years,
"Doe dat simple Sir Tony ne'er knew,
"A word of sich work—doe still fobbin de change,
"An' a Freeman we'll make of you."

"Don't tell, how de "young chip" so glibly he swore,
"Dat Jim Hodnett's sweet Jury was fair;
"Dat every second or third man he chose,
"Was a Papist (the list leave us here,)
"Dat mallet-head Bob, wid de knight of de plane;
"An sich lads wer'n't staunch true blue—
"Say 'tis dey would'n't glory a Papist to slate,
"An' a Freeman we'll make of you."

"Don't tell, how when Croker (de namesake of George)
"For de Harbour dues plunder was pinn'd,
"Wid a kind fellow feeling, we made him at once,
"A Grand Juror—an' also our friend;
"Poor Mosey Newsom doe thousands he fobbd,
"By de same rule respect bein' his due,
"Don't tell dat Blackrock Castle's warden he's now,
"An' a Freeman we'll make of you."

"Don't tell how our Members dey floor'd us nate,
"How we shrank back from Dan. Meagher's blaze,
"Or what 'Charty, or Fagan, or Bullen, brought out;
"Or dat Devil's own ram'un Joe Hayes—
"But in line say ourselves an' our acts were quite pure;
"All alike noble—gen'rous—and true—
"And your Freedom in dis goold Box we'll present,
"Phil. Fogarty dear to you."

Says Phil.—says he (from his seat starting up,
"While de blood of de Fogarty's rose;
"Till it crimson'd his forehead" "is't come to dis,
"Dat I'd herd wid sich villain's as dose,
"When Sampayo, Sir Ben, an' sich like decent men,
"Spurn'd proudly what ye call bein' free;
"How dare sich a base, self-convicted crew,
"Deir Freedom dus offer to me."

"No ye convict and public plunderers—no—
"Ye cormorant, vampire kuaves,
"Too long have de good men and true in Cork,
"Been your trampled an' too patient slaves,
"But your day is gone by—de impending sword,
"On your *long escap'd* necks soon shall fall;—
"Take my Freedom from ye!!! Box—Body—and Bones,
"To the Devil I pitches ye all!!!!

Loud and long continued acclamations from the non-freemen, follow this proof of Phil's *pluck*, whilst Julius Cesar & Co. appear thunder-struck at the unexpected refusal and demanour of Phil, who, waving his hand majestically towards the door, motions them to make themselves scarce with all possible alacrity. They move off silently, but on a sudden Billy Fleming stops—pauses—looks triumphantly round, and clapping his hands, exclaims "well by de hoky all is not lost, come what will dey cant rob us of de *LOVER* and de *GALLOW*."